And the dreams to which they cling
Come not. Mad imagining
Theirs, I ween, and empty-hearted I

Divers Maidens.

Where is the Home for me ?
O Cyprus, set in the sea,
Aphrodite's home In the soft sea-foam,
Would I could wend to thee ;
Where the wings of the Loves are furled,
And faint the heart of the world*

Aye, unto Paphos' isle,
Where the rainless meadows smite
With riches rolled From the hundred-fold
Mouths of the far-off Nile,
Streaming beneath the waves
To the roots of the seaward caves*

But a better land is there
Where Olympus cleaves the air,
The high still dell Where the Muses dwell,
Fairest of all things fair !
O there is Grace, and there is the Heart's Desire,
And peace to adore thee, thou Spirit of Guiding
Fire!

A God of Heaven is he,
And born in majesty 5
Yet hath he mirth In the joy of the Earth,
And he loveth constantly
Her who brings increase,
The Feeder of Children, Peace,